

17.

A

Funeral TEAR,
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
HONOURABLE
Capt. James Killigrew :

W H O

Unfortunately lost His Life in His *MAJESTY'S*
Service, in an Engagement with Two *French* Men
of War, in the *Mediterranean Sea* ; on the 27th.
of *January* last, 1693.

Immodicis Brevis est Ætas, & rara Senectus.

By E. SETTLE.

L O N D O N :

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A Funeral Tear, &c.

HOW strangely Nature does Her Treasures heap;
 Her Richest *Jems*, in Cabinets so Cheap!
 Her Sparks of Heav'n to Walls of Earth dispos'd,
 And the Great Souls in Brittle Clay enclos'd:
 All Riches have their *Wings*; ev'n *Courage* dies;

The *Casket* breaks, and vanishing *Jewel* flies:
 Weak-Armour'd *Life*! In Wars destroying Field,
 Neither the *Champion*, nor the *Cause*, can shield!

In Her whole List, *Britannia* ne'er cou'd boast
 More Hopeful *WORTH*, nor more *Untimely* lost;
 Not wak'd, like Sluggards, at their Noon-day Sun;
HONOUR His Active Morning Race begun:
 Such *YOUTH* did never Manlier *Virtue* grace,
 The Soul of *Mars*, in an *Endimion's* Face!
YOUTH, where those equal *Charms* all smiling grew,
 For *Cynthia's* Darling, and *Bellona's* too!

Nor in His single Veins such *COURAGE* runs;
 Sprung from a Race, adopted *Neptune's* Sons;
 Cheer as Their *Quarrel*, when bold *Danger* calls,
 And Stout, as Their own *Floating Castle* Walls:
 His Brother's *FLAG*, with His own *Streamers*, joyn'd;
Hereditary Brav'ry! Comes of Kind!

Methinks, I see His Single dauntless *Hulk*,
 Against His Two tall *Foe's* o'er-topping *Bulk*,
 Deal round Her *Roaring Deaths*, in Iron Ball;
 Unequal Combat, English *VALOUR* All:
 There wanted so much *Odds* His *Fate* to push,
 Whom less than *Weight*, and *Numbers*, ne'er cou'd crush.

But let not His *Insulting Gallic* Foes
 Too proudly boast this *Young* cropt English *ROSE*;
 That *Vanity* Their *Sanguine Blushes* tell:
 He dy'd Their *Lillies* *Crimson*, e're He fell.
 Nay, such true *COURAGE* fought, ev'n beyond *Death*;
 His *Thunder* still surviv'd, whilst His *Last Breath*
 Does to His *Neptune-Successors* inspire
 His own Great *SOUL*, that *Transmigrating* Fire,

That

A Funeral Tear, &c.

That to Their Arms Life, Spir'it, and Vengeance lends;
The hovering *Genius* His Own Conquest ends.

Nor was this Scene of *Albion* Glory pent
In Her own Wat'ry Walls, (Her *Vassal* Element;)
The *Tyrrhene* Strand did at those Bolts rebound;
Not *Thames*, but listning *Tyber*, heard the Sound:
Nor *Rome's* alone, but *Rome's* old Rival Shoar;
Her *Carthage* *Africk*-Coast, the Echo bore:
Nay, ev'n the Neighb'ring *Crescent* must Proclaim
The *British* CROSS's envy'd Race of FAME:
Such Distant HONOUR, her far Thunder hurld,
To drive her Hunted Foes around the World.

Thus his proud Fame, on Her most tow'ring Wings,
At once His Dirge, and Io Pean, sings;
A Fate, that ev'n in Death the Triumph bore:
The great *Gustavus*'s Fall cou'd do no more.

But, oh! hard Fated Lawrels! This Young Head
So early lodg'd in Honour's Fatal Bed!
But when in that sweet Bloom, such COURAGE dies,
His Mourners are not only Martial Eyes;
The God, and His own Anvil Cyclop-Crew,
Their Tears to that Young Hand, so justly due:
A Hand, that from Their own Great Forge cou'd weild
Their Massiest Bolts; their keenest Lightning held:
But the whole Nine, each Muse, and ev'ry Grace,
Must, at this Loss, bedew her Virgin Face.

Yes, If the Humbler *Muses* feebl' Sound,
Is not in all Thy louder *Tritons* drown'd;
Their softest Harmony shall tune Thy Praise,
And chant Thy Name in Her Immortal Lays.
What tho' in Foreign Tombs Thy *Asbes* sleep,
And distant Urns those Envy'd Reliques keep;
Yet still Thy Native *Albion* Soyl alone,
Shall claim thy Birth, a Glory all her Own.
What more Thou leav'st behind, that larger Claim,
Thy fair Example, and thy fragrant FAME,
More than One single Nation shall supply;
Let the whole World Divide Thy MEMORT.

F I N I S.